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THE KINDLY ONES

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WHO'S THERE?

AND WHO WOULD *THAT* BE, ASKING FOR MY NAME? AND WOULD YOU BE? *FRIEND* OR *FOE*?

I AM THE CORINTHIAN. I TRAVEL TOWARD THE CASTLE OF HIS DARKNESS, THE LORD MORPHEUS OF THE ENDLESS.

AH. THE CORINTHIAN. I KNEW YOUR *FATHER*. WELL, NOT FATHER... FORMER SELF? PRIOR INCARNATION? PREVIOUS INCUMBENT? *HMPH*...

I AM *CAIN*. PURVEYOR OF FINE NIGHTMARES, PENNY DREADFULS, SHILLING SHOCKERS, BLOOD AND THUNDERS...

I, UH... I, UH...

THINGS HAVE *CHANGED*. SINCE YOU'VE BEEN AWAY.

SO I SEE.

BAD THINGS HAVE HAPPENED... MY BROTHER...

THEY WOULDN'T *HURT* ME.

NOBODY'S ALLOWED TO HURT *ME*.

THAT WAS *MY* PUNISHMENT. NOT BEING HURT...

WHO'S THE SPRAT?

HIS NAME'S DANIEL.

AH *YES*. WE'VE MET BEFORE. IN MY BROTHER'S HOUSE. IN HAPPIER TIMES.

THERE'S A BOY. *THERE'S* A LADDIE.

I AM TAKING HIM TO THE CASTLE.

OH DEAR.

"OH DEAR"?

EXACTLY. OH DEAR. TWO WORDS INTENDED TO INDICATE THAT THE JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE DREAMING IS CURRENTLY PROBLEMATIC, TO SAY THE LEAST.

THINGS HAVE BEEN A LITTLE *TURBULENT* HERE OF LATE.

LATE BEING THE OPERATIVE WORD.

WELL, IF YOU'RE GOING TO GO TO THE CASTLE, I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO GO WITH YOU. SAFETY IN NUMBERS, ALL THAT.

I CAN LOOK AFTER MYSELF, CAIN.

BUT *CAN* YOU LOOK AFTER THE BRATLING?

HOW *LONG* HAVE YOU BEEN GONE?

I AM UNSURE. SEVERAL DAYS? A WEEK, PERHAPS? THE RAVEN, MATTHEW, WAS WITH ME. HE DESERTED ME.

HAS HE RETURNED TO THE DREAMING? I HAVE A *BONE* TO PICK WITH HIM.

:TCH.: YOU DIDN'T *FINISH* THAT PROPERLY. YOU SHOULD HAVE SAID SOMETHING LIKE, "A BONE TO PICK WITH HIM--HIS WISHBONE." OR SOMETHING ABOUT PICKING HIS FLESH-- FROM HIS BONES... HEHEHEH...

DO YOU THINK I SOUND LIKE VINCENT PRICE?

WHO?

NOT IMPORTANT.

I'LL TELL YOU A *SECRET*. A RAVEN CREATED THE WORLD. WHEN NOAH SENT HIM OUT TO FIND LAND, HE COULDN'T FIND ANY. IT HAD ALL BEEN WASHED AWAY. SO HE CREATED IT. HE *SHAT* THE DRY LAND AND HE *PISSED* THE FRESH WATER. THEN HE FLEW OFF, LAUGHING FIT TO BURST.

SO THE WORLD WAS THERE FOR THE *DOVE* TO FIND.

REALLY?

THEY DON'T *ADMIT* TO IT, OF COURSE. WHO WANTS TO BE *BLAMED* FOR CREATING THE WORLD?

CORRECT ME IF I MISREMEMBER, FRIEND CAIN, BUT IT SEEMS TO ME THAT YOUR STORIES ARE *MYSTERIES*, NOT *SECRETS*.

THAT WASN'T ONE OF *MY* STORIES. THAT WAS ONE OF MY B... ONE OF MY *BROTHER'S* STORIES.

AND WHERE *IS* YOUR BROTHER?

THAT WAS EASIER THAN I HAD HOPED. BUT HIS LORDSHIP ISN'T *THERE*, YOU KNOW.

WHERE?

AT THE CASTLE. HE'S NOT *THERE*. HE *LEFT*.

THEN WHERE *IS* HE? HE TOLD ME TO BRING THE CHILD TO HIM.

WE'LL TAKE THE BOY TO THE CASTLE. HE'LL COME BACK.

I ASK AGAIN: *WHERE* IS HE?

I DON'T *KNOW* WHERE HIS NIBS IS.

I *DO* HAVE CERTAIN OPINIONS OF MY OWN ABOUT THE ADVISABILITY OR OTHERWISE OF JUST *BOPPING* OFF ON LITTLE JAUNTS WHILE INSANE PRIMEVAL FORCES DESTROY YOUR KINGDOM AND ITS LUCKLESS INHABITANTS, BUT THEN, *THAT'S* THE KIND OF FELLOW I AM.

OPINIONATED.

CORINTHIAN, YOU ARE WELCOME HERE. WE HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.

CAIN? DO YOU ALSO SEEK REFUGE?

SHELTER, PERHAPS. NOT REFUGE. I STILL HAVE A HOUSE TO CALL MY OWN, AFTER ALL.

I HAVE THE CHILD I WAS SENT TO FETCH. WHERE IN THE CASTLE SHOULD I WAIT FOR OUR LORD'S RETURN?

WAIT WHERE YOU WILL, CORINTHIAN. IT IS ALL ONE TO US.

THERE *WERE* TO BE APARTMENTS BUILT FOR YOU, IN THE CASTLE, CORINTHIAN. BUT THEY WERE NEVER CONSTRUCTED. AND NOW THERE IS NO ONE LEFT TO CONSTRUCT THEM.

WE ARE *SORRY*. WHEN OUR LORD COMES BACK, *ALL* WILL BE MADE *WELL* AGAIN.

ENTER, THE FOUR OF YOU, AND BE SAFE.

SO, WE'RE HERE. NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT WAIT FOR HIM, AND KEEP OUR FINGERS CROSSED. AND BY THE WAY...

FOUR OF US, CAIN?

WELL, I COULDN'T JUST *LEAVE* IT THERE.

eeple.

doggie!

THE KINDLY ONES: 11

WRITTEN BY
NEIL GAIMAN

DRAWN BY
MARC HEMPEL

INKED BY
RICHARD CASE

LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN
COLORED BY DANIEL VOZZO
SEPARATIONS BY ANDROID IMAGES
EDITED BY KAREN BERGER
ASSOCIATED BY SHELLY ROEBERG

SANDMAN CHARACTERS
CREATED BY GAIMAN,
KIETH & DRINGENBERG

I came, Nuala. Because I promised that I would come, if you summoned me; and you did summon me.

But I would that you had done otherwise.

I DID NOT REALIZE THAT I COULD HARM YOU BY TAKING YOU FROM THE DREAMING.

I THOUGHT I WAS *HELPING* YOU.

THE PUCK SAID THAT THE DIRAE WERE *HOUNDING* YOU.

The Kindly Ones? Yes, they are now in the Dreaming.

BUT SURELY SUCH AS *THEY* HAVE NO POWER OVER SUCH AS *YOU*, MY LORD?

There are old rules, Nuala. Rules that were old when time was young. The ladies have power to avenge blood-crimes...

And I killed my son.

I killed him twice. Once, long ago, when I would not help him; and once... more recently... when I did...

The ladies are empowered to hound those who spill family blood. I have Orpheus's blood on my hands, Nuala.

I killed my son. It was what he wanted...what he craved. In my pride I abandoned him for several thousand years; and then, at the last, I killed him.

YOU...YOU *WANT* THEM TO PUNISH YOU, *DON'T* YOU? YOU *WANT* TO BE PUNISHED FOR ORPHEUS'S DEATH.

Have you ever been imprisoned, Nuala? I was... I spent over eighty years in a glass bottle, like a genie... or a city... I could have waited until the earth crumbled to dust. But still, I waited.

I told Ishtar that she was wrong. That I was not changed. That I did not change. But in truth, I think I lied to her.

I DID NOT MEAN TO HARM YOU.

I know that, Nuala. But, as has recently been pointed out to me, intent and outcome are rarely coincident.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU *STAYED* HERE? IN *FAERIE*? WOULD THEY *FOLLOW* YOU HERE?

Eventually, undoubtedly.

BUT NOT FOR A WHILE?

The ladies are renowned for their relentlessness, not their speed.

YOU COULD KEEP *MOVING*. YOU COULD GO FROM FAERIE TO SOMEWHERE ELSE, TO, TO SOMEWHERE ELSE *AGAIN*. THEY'D NEVER CATCH YOU.

I COULD COME *WITH*. I COULD *HELP*...

I AM... SORRY I CALLED YOU HERE, LORD. WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW?

I shall return to my Realm. And I shall do what I have to do.

I AM TRULY, *TRULY* SORRY--

Please. Nuala. No more apologies.

YES. OF COURSE. SORRY.

UM. SORRY I SAID "SORRY." I MEAN.

SORRY.

Before I take my farewell of you, Nuala, there is one thing left for me to do, is there not?

IS THERE?

I still owe you a boon, Lady.

WELL...

Did you have a particular boon in mind? When you summoned me here?

I WANTED YOU TO STAY. I...

I WANTED YOU TO LOVE ME.

And do you think that love is a gift? Like a bauble, or a trinket? Something I can reach into a pouch and present to you?

I GAVE ALL MY LOVE TO YOU. YEARS AGO.

Did you? I did not realize...

On reflection, while I cannot give you the thing itself, I could give you a dream of my love.

I ALREADY HAVE THAT, MY LORD.

PLEASE GO.

ZELDA? NO. NO ONE TOLD ME. WHEN DID IT HAPPEN? I WAS ONLY--

I'M SORRY. IT'S JUST A SHOCK...

WE DID TRY TO PHONE YOUR HOME. THE MESSAGE ON YOUR MACHINE SAID YOU WERE IN ENGLAND, MS. WALKER. IT'S HOSPICE POLICY NOT TO LEAVE MESSAGES ON MACHINES.

YOUR FRIEND ZELDA PASSED AWAY IN THE WEE HOURS OF SUNDAY MORNING.

RECEPTION

IF YOU WISH TO TAKE CHARGE OF HER EFFECTS, THEY CAN BE RELEASED TO YOU AS SOON AS YOU'VE SETTLED HER FINAL BILL.

WILL YOU BE SEEING TO THE FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS?

I--I DON'T KNOW. I SUPPOSE. I MEAN I HAVE TO, DON'T I? SHE DOESN'T HAVE ANYONE ELSE.

WELL, FIRST YOU'LL NEED TO SETTLE THINGS WITH MRS. BURROWS IN CREDIT AND ACCOUNTS, DOWN THE HALL THERE. PAST THE DOUBLE DOORS.

MS. WALKER? OH, MS. WALKER?

DON'T FORGET, WE TAKE MASTERCARD AND VISA.

SO I GO DOWN THE HALL AND TO THE LEFT, AND I SAY HELLO TO MRS. BURROWS, AND I REALIZE THAT, SOMEWHERE IN ALL THIS MESS, I'D BEEN EXPECTING A MIRACLE.

I'D BEEN WAITING FOR DEATH TO SPIT ZELDA BACK. TO GIVE HER UP. FOR SOME KIND OF MAGIC MIRACLE CURE.

BUT THERE AREN'T ANY MIRACLES. AND ONCE YOU'RE DEAD, YOU'RE DEAD.

DEATH MEANS I HAVE TO SIGN FOR AN ITEMIZED LIST OF PERSONAL POSSESSIONS INCLUDING THREE DISPLAY CASES OF STUFFED SPIDERS, A HUMAN SKULL AND SEVERAL PHOTOGRAPHS, AND I HAVE THE CHOICE OF TAKING HER BOOKS HOME WITH ME OR DONATING THEM TO THE HOSPICE LIBRARY, WHICH IS WHAT I DO.

DEATH MEANS I SIGN AN INDEMNIFYING WAIVER, TWICE, BY THE LITTLE CROSSES.

NO MIRACLES.

AND THEN I PUT ZELDA'S DEATH ON MY VISA CARD AND THAT MAKES IT FINAL.

THE FUNERAL WILL BE THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW. I'LL NEED TO MEET THE PEOPLE FROM THE FUNERAL HOME THIS AFTERNOON AND SIGN ANOTHER VISA SLIP.

AND ALL THE WEIRD SHIT TUMBLES INTO PERSPECTIVE. IT DOESN'T MATTER AND IT ISN'T REAL.

NO MIRACLES.

NO MAGIC.

NO DREAMS.

JUST PAIN AND DEATH, AND VISA SLIPS.

EXIT

DUNA
OSPICE
QUIET
PLEASE

REGORY
the movie

NINJA DEATH SQUAD 9: THE FINAL CHAPTER

HEY. YOU. MISTER.

D'YOU LIKE GRAPES AND CHOCOLATES AND FLOWERS?

HUH?... SURE, PRETTY LADY. GRAPES AND FLOWERS AND CHOCOLATES. WHO DOESN'T?

You'll never be able to eat all those chocolates on your own, you know.

HOSTESS MINTS

57 FLAVO

OF COURSE HE'LL BE BACK.

EVENTUALLY, PERHAPS.

CAIN, YOU'RE BEING RIDICULOUS.

REALLY? WHAT ABOUT *LAST* TIME?

LAST TIME?

WE ALL WAITED FOR HIM TO COME BACK LAST TIME. HE WAS GONE MORE THAN *SIXTY YEARS*. REMEMBER?

I...I REMEMBER.

I...I *REMEMBER* WAITING FOR HIS RETURN. I *REMEMBER* THE STRANGE STRAINED GRAY DAYS THAT STRETCHED INTO YEARS AND INTO DECADES. THE SLOW CRUMBLING OF WALLS ...THE ROOMS THAT WERE NO LONGER THERE...

I *REMEMBER* THE DAY THAT I REALIZED I COULD SIMPLY WALK INTO THE WAKING WORLD, SHOULD I WISH TO SO DO... THAT I COULD DO WHAT-*EVER* I WISHED, WITHOUT FEAR OF RETRIBUTION...

AND THEN... I REMEMBER NO *MORE*.

THEY AREN'T *YOUR* MEMORIES.

THEY ARE ALL I HAVE.

owie!

THERE, NOW. *YOU'RE* ALL RIGHT. NO BONES BROKEN.

I REMEMBER THOSE DAYS.

WE WAITED FOR HIM, WHILE THE CASTLE FELL APART ABOUT OUR EARS, WHILE THE WORDS FLED FROM MY BOOKS AND SCURRIED OFF DOWN THE CORRIDORS IN TWOS AND THREES, OR FADED INTO OBLIVION AND OBSCURITY.

THOSE OF THE STAFF WHO TOOK THEIR POWER DIRECTLY FROM OUR LORD, THE GATEKEEPERS AND SUCHLIKE, BECAME INSUBSTANTIAL, OR CEASED TO EXIST ENTIRELY.

SOME OF US KEPT BUSY.

SOME OF US DID, *YES*. BUT *MOST* DID NOT.

STILL, *HE'LL* COME BACK.

OF *COURSE* HE WILL. EVENTUALLY.

IS THERE ANYTHING HERE FOR THE BOY TO PLAY WITH?

THIS IS THE THRONE ROOM OF THE KING OF DREAMS, NOT THE GARDEN OF WONDERFUL TOYS.

BUT HERE.

CAIN, YOU *REALLY* OUGHTN'T LET HIM PLAY WITH THAT. WE COULD ALL GET INTO THE MOST *FRIGHTFUL* TROUBLE...

NOT, OF COURSE, THAT WE'RE *NOT* ALREADY IN THE MOST FRIGHTFUL...

YOU KNOW WHO I MISS *MOST*? MISTER SALT-OF-THE-EARTH MERVYN-BLOODY-PUMPKINHEAD. I NEVER THOUGHT I'D MISS HIS IDIOT HOMILIES...

MAYBE WE SHOULD FIND HIM SOMETHING *ELSE* TO PLAY WITH.

VERY WELL. EVENTS WILL FALL AS THEY MUST.

AS THE EVENTS HAPPEN, THE CONFLICTING DESTINIES WILL MERGE INTO A WHOLE.

AS THE EVENTS TAKE PLACE, THE CONFLICTING DESTINIES WILL CEASE TO EXIST.

THIS WILL BE FELT ACROSS WORLDS AND DAYS AS A REALITY STORM; AND, AS IT PLAYS ITS COURSE, CONFLICTING REALITIES WILL FALL AND SPIN AND SHATTER ACROSS TIME AND EXISTENCE.

ALL THIS IS DESTINED TO HAPPEN.

EVENTS THAT NEVER DID HAPPEN AND NOW NEVER SHALL, WILL CAST THEIR CONCLUSIONS AND OCCURRENCES OUT INTO THE WORLDS.

CAUSE AND EFFECT WILL JOSTLE, UNABLE TO TELL QUITE WHICH CAME FIRST. THE EVENT HORIZON WILL COME CLOSER AND CLOSER. WRECKS AND MIRAGES OF TIME AND OCCASION...

AM I THE TRUE DESTINY?

ARE YOU?

"Am I the true Destiny?" he asked.
And then he added, quietly, as if he already knew the answer, "Are you?"
Then he too was gone, though his words seemed to hang in the misty air of Destiny's garden for a handful of conflicting moments.
But what of the Dreaming, gentle reader, and of the Lord of that realm?
His conveyance began as a carriage pulled by two black horses who
bounded across the water, hooves striking sp
splashed th
in a

IT BEGINS AS A CARRIAGE, PULLED BY TWO BLACK HORSES POUNDING ACROSS THE WATERS OF NIGHT, THEIR HOOVES STRIKING SPARKS OF TINY STARS, SPLASHING THROUGH THE WET DARKNESS IN A WILD, TIRELESS GALLOP.

AS IT REACHES THE SANDS THAT BORDER THE DREAMING THE CARRIAGE BECOMES, WITHOUT SLOWING, A TRAIN.

SUCH A TRAIN IT BECOMES, OH! A GLEAMING BLACK AND SILVER DECO DREAM OF A TRAIN THAT CLACKS ALONG THE SILVER TRACKS WITH THE UNCHANGING RHYTHM OF A NURSERY RHYME; AND PERHAPS, IF YOU LISTENED HARD ENOUGH, YOU COULD IMAGINE THAT YOU COULD TEASE WORDS FROM THE PULSING CLATTER...

...ALL AROUND ME DARKNESS GATHERS, FADING IS THE SUN THAT SHONE; WE MUST SPEAK OF OTHER MATTERS: YOU CAN BE ME WHEN I'M GONE...

...MUTTERS THE DREAM-TRAIN TO THE TRACKS, THE TRAIN TRAVELS FASTER NOW THAN THE SPEED OF DREAMS (WHICH IN THEMSELVES MAKE LIGHT LOOK SLOW AND STICKY), AS IT ECHOES AND TUMBLES OUT OF THE NIGHTMARE LANDS TOWARD THE HEART OF THE DREAMING.

THE CASTLE OF DREAMS SHIVERS AND RE-FORMS AS THE TRAIN APPROACHES.

WHAT WAS A FORTRESS IS NOW A TERMINUS.

ABOVE THE ENTRANCE IS A FRIEZE: A WYVERN AND A WINGED HORSE ARE FROZEN IN BAS RELIEF, AND THERE IS AN EMPTY SPACE, WHERE A THIRD CARVING MIGHT ONCE HAVE BEEN.

Gentlemen?

I have returned. I am afraid I must apologize for the delay.

MY LORD...

I know, Lucien. I know. I should have left neither the Dreaming nor the castle at this time.

I see the castle is no longer being a place of refuge. My apologies.

Corinthian. I am pleased to see you.

Cain.

THERE IS A MATTER I BELIEVE WE NEED TO *DISCUSS*, SIRE.

IT CONCERNS MY BROTHER, MY LORD. AND HIS MURDER.

Soon, Cain. Soon. Not now.

MY *LORD!* I AM THE MURDERER HERE! I HAVE A *CONTRACT!* MY POOR *BROTHER* HAD A *CONTRACT!*

I WAS THE *FIRST* MURDERER! I HAVE *CERTAIN* RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES!

WE MUST *TALK!*

Cain. I have no interest in discussing this matter at this time.

LATER, THEN, SIRE. OF COURSE.

Young man. A pleasure finally to meet you, after all this time.

Madame. Ladies. Good afternoon.

THEY'RE *HERE?*

DREAM KING.

WE ARE HERE.

Madame? I must ask you to leave this place.

YOU WERE GONE FROM HERE, DREAM KING. THIS CASTLE IS OURS, NOW, TO DO WITH AS WE WILL.

SHALL WE FREE YOUR PRISONERS TO TORMENT YOU?

SHALL WE SHATTER THE PRETTY WINDOWS THAT HIDE YOUR POWER AND YOUR MADNESS?

You shall do none of these things.

You will leave. Now.

YOU DARE?

BUT... THAT'S *DANIEL*. ISN'T IT? *THAT'S DANIEL*. MY *BABY*.

PARTLY. YES.

HE ISN'T *DEAD*.

WHERE ARE THEY *GOING*?

HE IS NO LONGER *ALIVE*.

HE ISN'T *DEAD*. DON'T YOU *SEE*? WE DON'T HAVE TO *DO* THIS. WE DON'T HAVE TO *KILL* HIM--

WE DON'T KILL. WE *CAN'T*. HAVEN'T YOU BEEN *LISTENING*?

WE HAVE TO RESCUE DANIEL. BRING HIM BACK. WE DON'T HAVE TO HURT *ANYONE* ANYMORE.

WE DO NOT RESCUE, MY LITTLE SMELLFUNGUS. WHAT DO YOU THINK WE *ARE*?

AFTER ALL, HE *KILLED* HIS *SON*.

=PTEU!=

AND WE HATED HIS SON.

WHAT?

HE MADE US *WEEP*. HE MADE THE LADIES WEEP WITH HIS SONGS AND HIS THINGS THAT NEVER WERE AND NEVER *SHALL* BE. *STORIES*.

MADE-UP RUBBISHY STORIES.

MAKES YOU *SICK*.

WE HAVE TO RESCUE HIM.

I TOLD YOU *ONCE*. I WON'T *TELL* YOU *AGAIN*. WE *DON'T* RESCUE. WE *REVENGE*.

...I don't know. I don't know anymore. I don't know anything anymore.

Heaven. The Silver City. Do we *tell* them? I *have* been telling them. Is anyone *listening*? They send no response. But what obligation *has* our Creator to respond to us?

We must have faith, my angel.

We must *keep* our faith.

AND THIS OCCURS AT THE SAME MOMENT THAT A CUSTOMER AT LUX'S, DRUNK AND FLIRTATIOUS, PEEKS BENEATH MAZIKEEN'S HALF-MASK. HE SATISFIES HIS CURIOSITY, AS HE LOSES, ONE AFTER THE OTHER, HIS DRINK, HIS LUNCH, AND HIS SANITY.

MAZIKEEN HAS NO PATIENCE WITH MEN.

WHILE, UNABLE TO SLEEP, LARISSA FINDS HERSELF, TO HER SURPRISE, MISSING THE DREAM KING. MISSING THE COOL OF HIS SKIN. MISSING HIS VOICE. REMEMBERING EVERYTHING THAT DREW HER TO HIM, THREE YEARS AGO.

HIS ABSENCE HURTS.

THE SUDDEN BURST OF AFFECTION AND DESIRE DISCOMFORTS HER. SHE PUTS IT FROM HER. THE CIRCLE IS SECURE; THE WOMAN IS SAFE.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Enter.

ARE THEY STILL HERE, LORD?

No, Lucien.

They have withdrawn, for now.

VERY GOOD, LORD. WILL YOU BE KEEPING THE SCAR?

I do not know. I suppose so. For now. Alianora foretold that I would receive my scars, in my turn, like the one I left on her cheek, like the one I left on her heart.

She knew it then.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW, LORD?

Do?

I am going to do whatever I can do.

I will do what I must.

First, I will need to see the boy Daniel. Before I confront the ladies. There are matters I need to discuss with him.

Will you bring him here to me, Lucien?

CERTAINLY, LORD.

In the reflectory there is a small wooden box, which contains an Eagle Stone...

THE EMERALD, LORD?

Exactly. Please bring that to me also.

AT ONCE, LORD.

"You could keep moving. You could go from Faerie to somewhere else, to, to somewhere else again. They'd never catch you."

Rules and responsibilities: these are the ties that bind us.

We do what we do, because of who we are. If we did otherwise, we would not be ourselves.

I will do what I have to do.

And I will do what I must.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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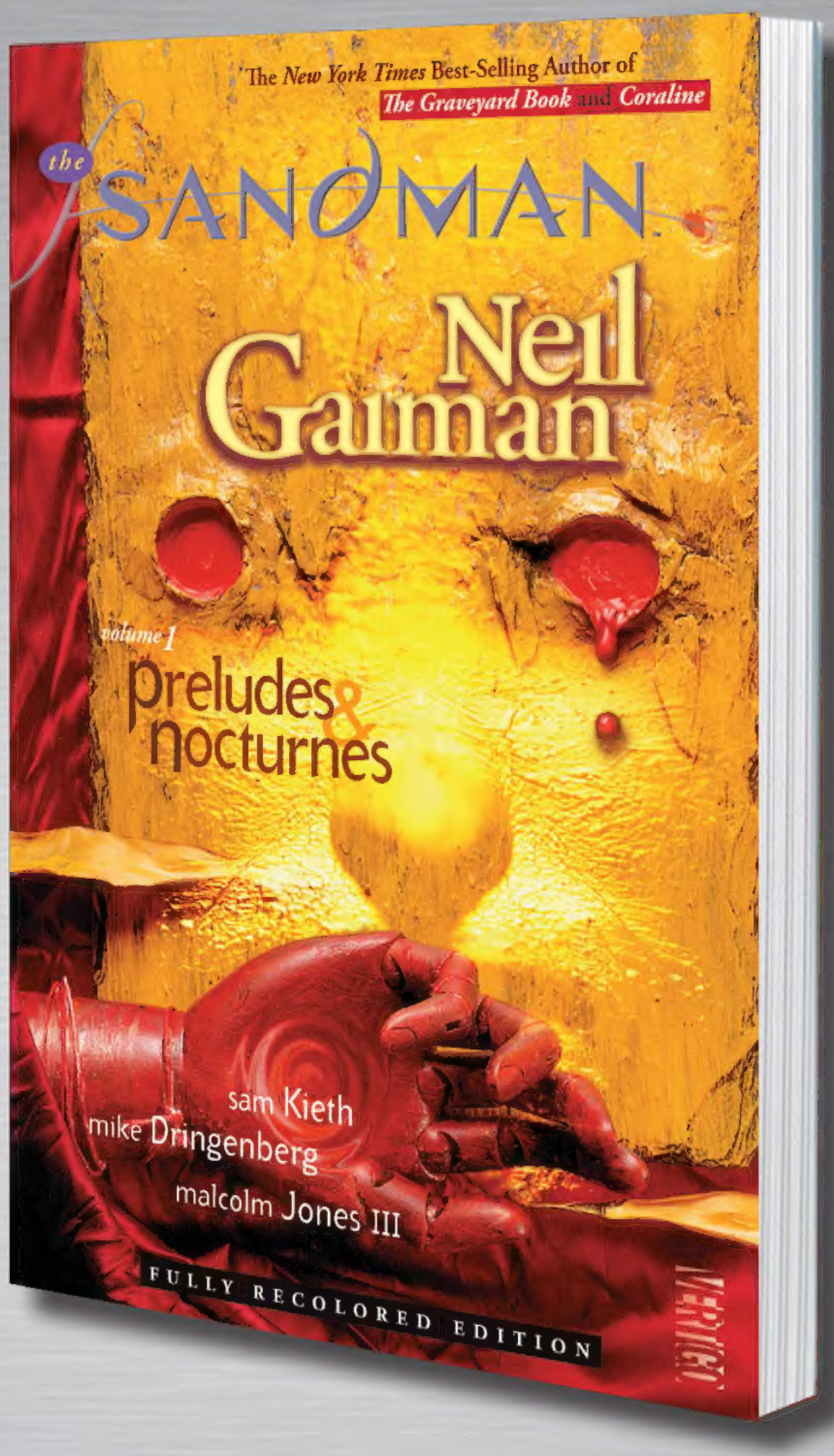

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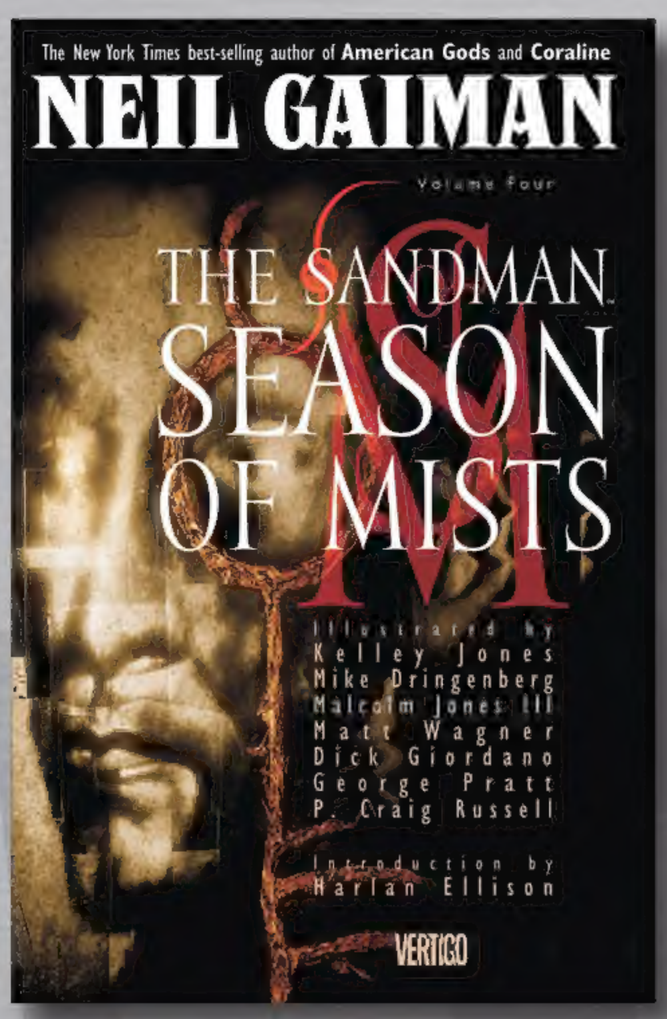

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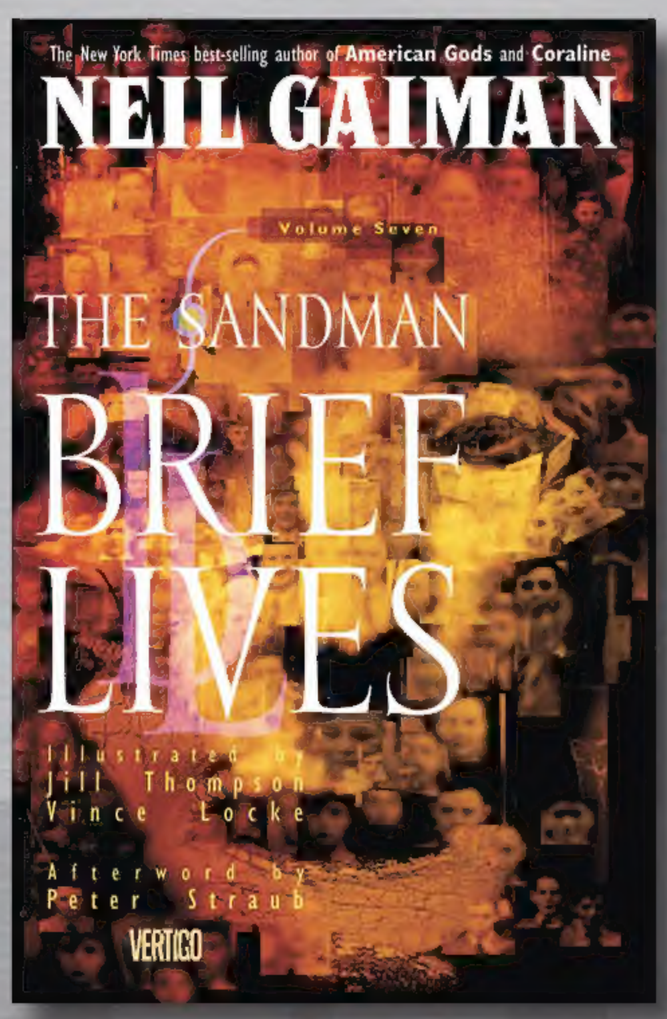

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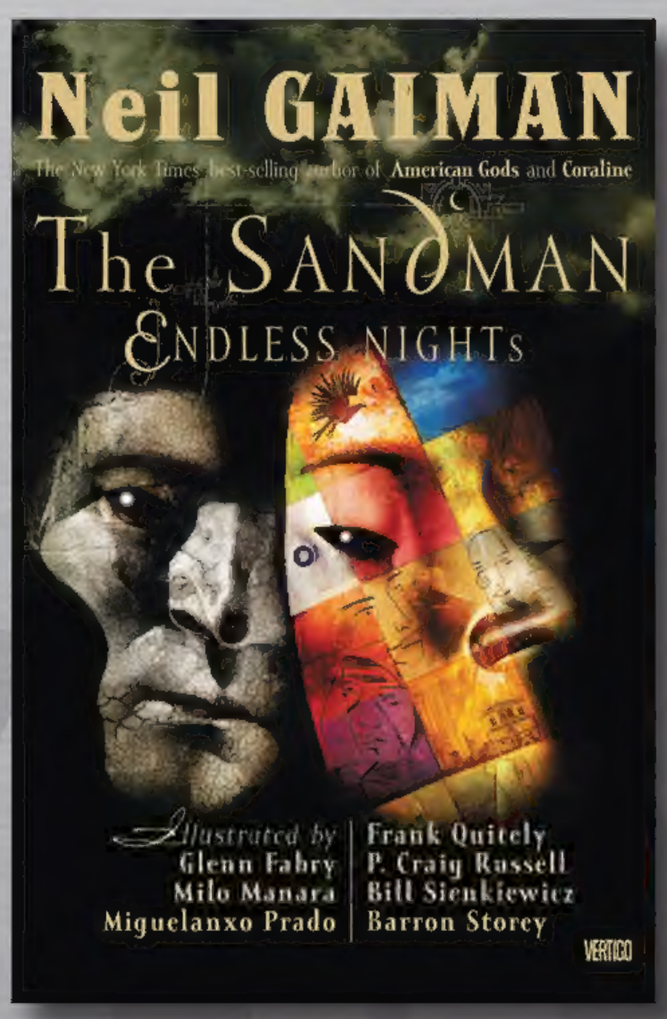

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